Life is a Goose Chase

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Life is a Goose Chase

by orphan_account

Summary

Will is convinced Hanni's the Ripper, so he... literally makes them conjoined by, er, riding him. In a PG-13 manner. Shenanigans ensue.

I'm migrating all my crack fics into a collection, so you might have read this already.

The hallways of the BAU, built in a brutalist style and so dark and sparsely finished that they resembled a high-class torture chamber, were made to suffer the presence of Price-and-Zeller as they strolled towards the morgue, arms gesturing at each other much faster than their legs were moving.

"The killer couldn't possibly be targeting us because we're -- "

"Married, yes, but also no, because we're not," Price or Zeller finished (at this point, they were so conjoined that their names were interchangeable).

"Wait, WHAT?!"

"See, I signed our papers with my left hand. And my fingers were crossed behind..."

"So THAT's why you only held one of my hands when the priest was, ya know, marrying, I mean, *not marrying,* us. But WHY?" At this rate of wild arm gesturing, they could have powered the entire BAU for two months if hooked up to Human Power Generators.

"I wanted to let myself feel married to you when we're not arguing, but also *not* married to you when we are," Price or Zeller explained, as enthusiastically as if he was unveiling the next Nobel-Prize worthy innovation. This was, apparently, not unappreciated by the other.

"GENIUS! See, your brain is why I didn't do what you did -- I wanna feel married to you all the time."

"That's a guilt trip."

"If you wanna take me on a *guilt trip* to the Bahamas and drink pina coladas, be my guest --"

"Since I don't always wanna feel like your husband."

"Oh, you brilliant --"

The hallway, sick of this disgusting display, finally regurgitated the two into the morgue.

"Hey, you two," Bev called from behind a body. "What's up?"

"The Frank Lloyd Wright caliber ceiling above us," Price-or-Zeller chimed.

"Hey, can you believe it? she called us 'you two'."

"And the priest said that we're now *one*," pouted Price-or-Zeller.

"Exactly," agreed the other.

Beverly looked unfazed, and continued with her work, happy to let Price's idiocy cancel out Zeller's, and vice versa, since doing so ensured that both would stay out of her hair for now.

The constant shouting, obviously in Jack's voice, already served as enough sound torture. Leave it to Jack to unwittingly subject his own employees to psychological warfare.

"HAVE I BROKEN WILL?!" The Plexiglass door smashed open, and both Price and Zeller jumped into the air at the same time -- they might as well have been jumping invisible rope.

"Jack -- " Beverly began, not actually about to say anything, knowing that Jack would cut her off.

"WILL INSISTS THAT DOCTOR LECTER IS THE CHESAPEAKE RIPPER. HE WON'T SHUT UP ABOUT HIM. THEN HE SAID HE REFUSES TO WORK ON THE SHRIKE CASE BECAUSE HE'S GOING TO THE OPERA." Jack gripped one side of the rolling cart next to Beverly's computer, while Price and Zeller huddled in a corner and gripped onto each other like they were Jack and Rose trying not to drown in the aftermath of the Titanic.

"The opera? What the -- you know what, then, where is he? Maybe we should talk to him."

Before Jack could respond, Dr. Lecter -- no, not just Dr. Lecter -- passed by the morgue in the hallway, with something large plastered to the length of his back and legs. It took Beverly a few minutes of questioning the man's already very dubious fashion sense before realizing that it was... *Will.* Beverly gaped, and Jack held his head in both hands, facing the wall away from the two, and closed his eyes in order to avoid seeing Price-and-Zeller.

"... Ah, dear Will, though I do enjoy this game of -- how did you so eloquently put it -- 'Cops and Robbers'? -- I believe this is quickly becoming more akin to a much more sanguine enactment of the interactions between Dimmesdale and Chillingsworth in Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*. Still, although surely you are aware of how *appetizing* the notion of being conjoined with you is to me, I should not wish to cause you any further discomfort upon entering the restroom this time, given your previous reaction. You see, the croquettes I made for us last night did not sit well with me, and for lack of a kinder term, I seem to be suffering from some rather expressive diarrhea, made no better by the fact that I have been carrying the brunt of your weight non-stop for the past forty-eight hours." Will, still stuck to Hannibal's back, said nothing.

"STOP THIS NONSENSE! LIVES ARE BEING LOST, AND YOU'RE BEING PIGGYBACKED BY DR. LECTER?" *That's the Jack I know,* thought Beverly, a half-smile on her face. Jack's voice softened as he addressed Hannibal. "Dr. Lecter, I'm so sorry you have to put up with this. I appreciate all of your help, truly. You're a wonderful friend."

"I know," Hannibal said majestically, as if announcing the birth of a new royal child.

"Jack, I can explain," Will held a hand up as if in protest. "I'm keeping track of him at all times because YOU refuse to help me, because you're so BLINDED by the fancy-ass dinners and suits that, believe it or not, are scratchy as *hell* and not worth a single penny this IDIOT paid for them, that you fail to see that Hannibal Lecter's the GODDAMN CHESAPEAKE RIPPER."

"Tell me, Will," Hannibal whispered, reaching back to awkwardly pat Will's butt, since it was all he could reach, "must you really be so crass in the delicious company of our very savory

Uncle Jack? I did enjoy your rudeness last night, however, so make no mistake about my intentions to temper your gaucheness in this moment."

"WE'RE TALKING ABOUT RUDENESS? HOW ABOUT THE FACT THAT YOU JACKED OFF IN BED LAST NIGHT WHEN I TOLD YOU TO FUCKING TURN YOURSELF IN? OR MAKING ME STRADDLE THE TOILET, FACING THE STUPID STATUE YOU PUT ON TOP OF IT?"

"Will, I did need to use the restroom. Unless you carry a single-yield banana plant with impressive growth rates in your pocket, which I imagine would have been uncomfortable, it appeared that you were as interested in last night as I was... and you did indeed insist on plastering yourself to me at all --"

"I'M NOT DONE, DOCTOR LECTER. THIS IS A RECKONI--"

"Will, before you say anything else, please know that I am not objecting to our situation." With all the nonchalance in the world, Dr. Lecter continued to pat Will's butt. As his strokes became firmer, Will let out a deep sigh, and visibly relaxed. "Jack, please do not mind him. I find that keeping an eye on my patient at all times is the best due diligence I could do for this particular case. That he willingly accepted this treatment only makes my job easier."

Jack nodded, already secretly subjected to enough psychic driving to make him agree with everything Lecter said. "As long as you both do your jobs, Dr. Lecter. Saving lives, yeah?"

"Of course, Jack. A life lost is as tragic as a cold dinner."

"Tragic," Jack echoed, turning on his heel to yell somewhere else.

Without looking at his face, Will knew that Hannibal was smirking, and reached forward to (temporarily) smack the smugness off of his face.

And they did end up going to the bathroom, because having Hannibal's metaphorical shit on him was already enough for Will. He wasn't THAT kinky.

Wait, WHAT?

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